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### WELSH WOMEN GOSSIPING AT THE WELL.



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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.  
X

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. XX.—WELSH WOMEN GOSSIPING AT THE WELL.

THE high-bred dame may scorn the imputation of being a "gossip," as something far beneath the dignity of her character; and the city lady, after her example, may appear to disdain that "sweet community" of soul, which is requisite to a true and genuine gossip. But woman in her natural state is a gossip. Her tongue is her sword; and that she never suffers to rust. But gossiping contains other elements—requires higher qualifications, than the mere power of using the tongue with an incessant "click-a-tick-tack." The ear must be quick to hear, as well as the tongue swift to speak. A notable memory, too, must the gossip have—one "cramped with observation," and as ready to mark the wink of a neighbour's eye, as to record the colour of her ribbon. Have you not seen Seymour's hit, one of the many happy hits of an unhappy man? A slipshod damsel is straining her neck, that her head may be thrust over a garden wall; and she is whispering "Oh, Mary, I told my missus what your missus said of my missus—and we had *such* a row!" Yes, dear creatures, speak they must, or the most fatal consequences might ensue. More especially is this the case where women are secluded. In the East, where scriptural or patriarchal simplicity still prevails, the young damsels, when in the cool of the evening they meet at the fountain to fill their pitchers, have a comfortable gossip together, reporting to one another all that they have respectively picked up during the day.

Our artist has here presented us with two of the "daughters of Cambria," *alias* Welsh women, having a gossip at the well. The old woman is a confirmed gossip—her face proclaims it. *She* does not care how long it takes to fill her neighbour's pitcher, provided she but extracts a good comfortable lot of news from her young companion. The young one has not yet reached that "uncertain age" where sentimentalism ceases, and confirmed gossipry is established. Still, she listens; and if she has a tale, she tells it: for a meeting at a well in a mountain district between two women, is as important to them, as for the men to assemble at the smithy, or meet in the barber's shop.

## THE HORRORS OF TRANSPORTATION.

As an impression is very general among young thieves and others, that transportation to New South Wales is not a severe punishment for any offence, but, on the contrary, that the convicts are comparatively happy. The result of this erroneous impression is, that young persons do not feel their criminal propensities checked to the same extent as they would, were they acquainted with the real facts of the case. Perhaps a more graphic or faithful account of the sufferings endured in our penal colonies was never given, than that which proceeded from the mouth of a young man,

named Charles Dolphus, who was tried at the Liverpool assizes about ten months ago, for having returned to this country before the fourteen years of transportation to which he was sentenced four years ago, for a burglary, had expired. When Mr. Justice Coleridge was about to pass sentence on him a second time, he rose and addressed the Court in the most powerful and touching terms.

## SUFFERINGS ENDURED BY CONVICTS.

He commenced by saying, that four years ago, when he was only nineteen years of age, he was tried for a burglary, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He did not then believe what he had since been so powerfully convinced of, that transportation was so full of misery as he had proved it to be from experience. He could assure his lordship that it was terrible, and those who thought otherwise were in a very great error. He was first sent to the hulks, where he remained six months, and there, though he suffered much hardship, which he need not describe, it was nothing to the misery which he had since endured. He was, at length, sent on board the transport that was to convey him and many others to Botany Bay: and he looked forward to this change with some satisfaction, indulging a hope that it would better his circumstances; but he was fearfully mistaken. The severe regulations of the hulks were exchanged for the military rule to which the prisoners were subjected; and he soon found what it was to be under the strong discipline of a convict vessel. The prisoner described the manner in which the several classes of convicts were taken away from the ship, on their arrival. Those who were doomed to the chain gangs for life, were first sent off to their horrible punishment, which he described as being considered by all convicts who knew anything of the matter, as a thousand times worse than death, in its most dreaded form. Many thought they had a chance of bettering their condition when transported, but they were dreadfully mistaken. Even the gentlemen who were transported, he meant those who were well educated, and who thought their education would prove an advantage to them, were doomed to suffer equally with the most ignorant and depraved; for they were ranked among those who were infirm and invalids, and were, being useless, sent to a quarter where they were under the command of men whom they regarded, in all respects, as their inferiors; so that, instead of being better, they were absolutely worse off than their fellows. He was attached, he said, to what we believe he called the Woollaloo party, with which he continued for a time, working under a burning sun by day, and subjected to the most severe discipline. Every thing was under military regulation, and, on the slightest infraction of rule or orders, the convicts were tied up to the triangles and flogged.

The prisoner, at length, happened to be "assigned" to a lady and gentleman, in whose service he was less miserable. They left New South Wales for England, and he was again turned over to Government, on which he experienced

## A RENEWAL OF HIS MISERIES.

But even these hardships were nothing to what he had afterwards experienced, for the Governor was changed; and when Governor Phipps went out, it was much worse for convicts. He was now sent, with others, to work in the interior of the colony, among the chain-gangs; and here it was that he saw transportation in its true colours. They were miserably dealt with; indeed, forced by the most severe treatment to work all day, beyond their

strength, beneath a burning sun, not daring to utter a complaint for fear of the lash, and with scarcely food enough to support them, consisting only of a wretched meal of homminy. It was out of the power of language to describe what they endured. The most conspicuous object at their encampment, was the triangles; and, for the most trivial error, they were taken before a military gentleman, who assigned them a flogging, which always took place at dinner time; after which, they were taken out to toil again beneath the scorching sun. At night they slept in huts. They had no beds, and merely a covering of a sort of stringy bark. If one word were spoken during the hours of rest, the sentinel called out the offender, and he was handcuffed till morning, when he was flogged for having violated the regulations, by the expression of even a natural and involuntary complaint. Here his life became a misery to him, and he had no consolation, from the reflection that he had deserved his punishment. He assured his lordship, that his constant unmitigated sufferings were unbearable; for they were treated worse than dogs, and were looked upon as even worse than beasts. One night he awoke from sleep. He saw before him 300 men, each of whom had been the author of some crime.

The prisoner, some time after, contrives to escape, in company with another young man named Carney, and describes, in most affecting terms, the circumstances under which the escape was accomplished. His narrative may justly be called

#### THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

They proceeded far into the bush, and were well nigh exhausted, when they discerned a party of the aborigines, who were roasting a kangaroo. His companion was afraid to venture near them; but he being pressed by hunger, went to them, and they gave him a piece of a kangaroo, and a piece of an opossum. The prisoner proceeded to detail the particulars of their journey till they arrived at a small bay, which, he said, was called Botany Bay, and from which the whole district was called. He mentioned his horror at hearing footsteps when he suddenly awoke from sleep, as he would rather have died than have returned. At daylight they saw a vessel, which he, having been brought up to the sea, knew was going out of port, from the blue Peter at her mast-head. She was about two miles from them, and he and his companion, after some consultation, resolving to run any risk rather than remain where they were, plunged into the water and swam to her. They contrived to get on board, and to get into the hold, unperceived, where each agreed to conceal himself as he best could. He knew not where his comrade concealed himself, but he got into a water-tank. Shortly afterwards the inspector came on board and examined the ship, and he was under inconceivable dread that they would be taken, when, by the law of the colony, he would have been sent to Norfolk Island for fourteen years. The prisoner endeavoured to give some notion of the horrors of Norfolk Island, but here his power of language failed him. The inspector did not find them, but he heard the sailors putting on the hatches and tarpauling, and immediately his companion joined him. A new horror appeared before them. The prisoner stated, that it was customary, when convicts were suspected of having concealed themselves on board ships, to smoke the hold, to force them to come forth. To this operation they became convinced they were about to be subjected. Believing themselves to be in this fearful extremity, his companion asked him if he had any memorial which he wished him to deliver in England, in case he survived him and ever reached this country. He replied, no; he had no one in the world who cared for him,

and, therefore, no one whom he wished to be reminded of him. His companion (the prisoner wept at the remembrance) took out a dirty letter, and told him where to find his poor mother in London. Sobbing as he spoke, he bade his brother convict, if ever he should reach England, to tell her that, the last time he saw him, he was well and prospering, and would, some time or other, come and see her; "and that," said he, "will add many years to my poor dear mother's life." The prisoner said, he then wetted a pair of drawers, and swathed them round his comrade's head. He himself got into the tank of water, when he, some hours after, heard the order to put up the topsails, which gave him some satisfaction, as he knew, by that, that the vessel was going to sea. He knew not where she was bound to, nor did he care, so that they got away from the miserable place which he had quitted. He remained in the tank, among the water, twelve or fourteen days, suffering extreme torture, and he had still, and should have to the end of his days, a recurrence of the pains he then endured. During the whole time his only food was seven biscuits. The prisoner proceeded to state that they were discovered, and described with what horror he heard the captain, who, he supposed, suspected what they were, give the order to put the ship about; and how he and his companion, being resolved to brave any fate rather than be taken back, jumped overboard when the ship was about six or seven miles from the Feejee Islands. His comrade was on the point of sinking, when they perceived an old canoe, bottom upwards, into which they, after many attempts, managed to get. The canoe swamped with them once or twice, but, at length, they reached the land in safety. The natives soon saw them; and, as they were known to be cannibals, they had great dread of them. They took hold of Carney, who foolishly resisted, upon which they forced him away; but not before one of them had inflicted a wound upon his (Dolphus's) shoulder, which brought him to the ground. He suffered great torture for several days, being without food or water, and unable to help himself. He tried to eat the grass which was within his reach; and, at length, worn out with suffering, he became quite insensible. When he recovered, he found himself lying with his head resting against a native woman, who was applying antidotes to the wound, which had been inflicted by a poisoned spear. On his recovery, the young woman indicated to him, that there was a white man in the bush. He went to the spot which she pointed out, and there found the dead body of Carney, the flesh nearly all taken from his bones either by the natives or the hogs. He interred him in soft ground, an operation which he described as having given him great satisfaction. It turned out, however, that he had infringed upon what the natives deemed privileged ground; and he would have been sacrificed, but for the interference of the young native woman, who was a chieftain's sister. At length one day, the girl ran to him exclaiming, "Kibooker," which meant a large man-of-war canoe. This turned out to be a French ship, the Angelica, of Havre de Grace, which was on a whaling cruise. When the boat took him away, he said the affectionate young native girl swam after him, and he was compelled to take her with him. A short time afterwards, he had an opportunity of consigning her to the care of a benevolent missionary, who took her back to the island which she had left, where he wished to establish a missionary station, and in which design her influence would be useful. The prisoner detailed many other hardships, sufferings, and adventures which he had undergone before he reached England. His intention was to have entered on board one of Her Majesty's ships, where, after some years of good service, he was in hopes he might have obtained his pardon. He concluded by imploring his lord-

ship to be merciful to him, and not send him back to exile. He sobbed, in his earnestness, as he begged that any punishment might be awarded to him rather than this. If again transported, he should be sent to Norfolk Island or Goat Island, places which he would not pollute his lordship's ears by pretending to describe. When on board the hulks, he would be chained to cross-trees all the time, and would not be allowed the privilege of another convict; and it would be the same on board the ship. He would be thankful for even the scaffold in preference.

Here his lordship interrupted the young man, by observing that if he hoped to prevent his again passing the sentence of transportation on him, he was mistaken; for the law compelled him to do it.

"Then," said the young man, with great emotion, "God help me! I'll not describe what I shall suffer. I would not wish to offend your lordship's ears by telling you about Norfolk Island. Oh! if you would only pass sentence of death upon me, I would summon courage to die, for then I should die like a man; but, if you send me back, I will spend a few miserable years in chains; and, after all, I shall not die like a man, no, not even like a dog. I beg, my lord, from my heart, that you will rather consign me to death than again to transportation. If it be in your power to show kindness to a miserable man like me, do, my lord. I never knew what it was to receive parental instruction—indeed, my lord, I did not; and I have been fearfully punished for my crime. I never was taught what was right till I learned it from experience: I shame to say it, but I never had any instruction but what I received from the schoolmaster of the ship. Do be as merciful as you can, my lord. (His lordship shook his head, as if intimating that he had no will in the matter.) I have done, my lord. You may consign me to misery, but it shan't be long. Do doom me to death, my lord, if you have the power: all I want is a few hours' preparation. I have done, my lord."

Anything more deeply affecting, it has never been our lot to read. The pleadings, and entreaties, and descriptions of the unhappy youth, were the untaught eloquence of earnestness. His address made a deep impression on the Judge and all present, and is more calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the horrors of transportation, and consequently more calculated to prevent crime, than anything perhaps that was ever before spoken or printed.

#### THE CHURCHYARD.

The place is purified with hope,  
The hope that is of prayer;  
And human love, and heavenward thought,  
And pious faith are there. L. E. L.

To a thinking mind, a reverie in a churchyard is attended with much of what I may term, solemn pleasure;—to mark the mounds of earth resting on those who once breathed, thought, and acted, as ourselves;—but now are wasting in the chilly tomb; and then to think, the time will surely come, when we ourselves must make the earth "our pillow," and be "food for worms;" such thoughts as these, have a salutary influence, and we are led to contemplate on the eternity hereafter, till the mind, cramped and lost in the unfathomable expanse, returns once more, weary, to this low "earthly sphere."

Some evenings since, I bent my steps to a churchyard, and dwelt upon those things that have hold upon the heart; the departed friends I had loved, flitted before my

mind's eye, till they almost seemed reality. Oh! to all who have lost their friends,—and who has not?—memory is faithful,—and in the retrospection of the past

"A sacred band come stealing on—  
And many a form, far hence removed,  
And many a pleasure gone."

As I was thus absorbed, my thoughts assumed a poetical form, and here I present the reader with the fruits of my reverie:—

How calm and still is nature now,  
E'en scarce a zephyr's breath  
Is heaved across this silent spot,  
The resting place of death.

The stillness gives to thought a zest,  
As wandering alone,  
I bend my way from grave to grave,  
And pause at every stone.

Oh! man is born, and hov'ring fate,  
Misfortune for him weaves;  
He sinks, as from the winter's blast  
Fall autumn's withered leaves.

And he in midst of joy and pride,  
In secret doth decay;  
A vapour in the morn—ere noon  
It vanishes away.

Yet still he builds his hopes in air,  
Though certain they will fall;  
A trembling anxiousness for nought,  
Are features of them all.

Is it man's dire and cheerless doom  
To end his care-worn years,  
By sinking 'neath the silent tomb,  
From out this vale of tears?

Without one gleam of nerving hope  
Cast on his sinking soul?  
Ah! no, he sees, though dimly now,  
A bright and blissful goal—

Where free from misery or care,  
A never ending rest  
Is treasured for his spirit, there  
To dwell amid the blest.

Behold this grave—no stone is here,  
The new-laid clodded earth  
Presses, perchance on one, a light,  
Gay votary of mirth.

Or one, perhaps, that loved too well,  
Who trusting was betrayed,  
Whose lover spurned her, and she died,  
With heart and hopes decayed.

How many a mother fond lies here,  
And mother's joy and pride,  
How many a couple here are laid,  
Now mouldering side by side!

How many graves are trampled down,  
And those beneath forgot,  
Whose memories have passed away,  
Alas! the "common lot."

The orphan oft her footsteps bend  
To where her parents sleep,  
She *knows* their souls are happy now,  
(Sweet balm to those who weep.)

To joy, to bliss, to light and life,  
To boundless realms afar,  
Sweet Fancy wafts her fluttering soul,  
Where the Eternal are.

And light her little heart then feels,  
Free from the chilling cloy  
Of saddening earth, and in her soul  
There throbs a secret joy.



Oh, Death! who dull'st the lively hearth,  
By thee are friends bereft;  
Yet still a gleam of joy they see,  
A sweet hope there is left.

For like the evening sinking sun,  
That sets in glimmering night,  
The soul anon will spring again  
To new, eternal light.

And there, before a gracious God  
In purity 'twill bend;  
In Him the spirit blissful sees  
A never-ending Friend!

ELLA.

## A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### CHAPTER II.

As the good people of the valley had always paid every attention to the stranger lady, she had long wished for an opportunity of showing them some kindness in return. Having, by means of good management, laid up a plentiful store of eggs, she sent Martha one morning to invite the grown-up villagers to pay her a visit on the following day: they did not fail to arrive in due time, dressed in their holiday clothes. Bertram had spread a rustic table in the garden, and they seated themselves on benches round about. Martha then brought a basket of eggs, and the guests expressed their surprise at seeing so great a number.

"Yes," said their kind hostess, "we have now abundance; but I must endeavour to show you the use of which they can be made in housekeeping."

A fire had been made of some dry sticks in a corner of the garden, and a large saucepan full of water placed over it. Before the eggs were thrown into it, the lady opened one of them to show her guests the inside; and she directed their attention to the beautiful crystalline liquor, in which there appeared to float a little yellow ball. She then boiled as many eggs as she had guests. Salt was served with them, and small rolls of white bread. The lady showed them how to open their eggs; and they were much gratified with the delicious repast which they afforded. They wondered at the ease and expedition with which an egg might be boiled; "and surely," they said, "for a sick person, a cheaper or more nourishing food could scarcely be found."

Some more eggs were then taken, and broken into boiling water. "This," said the lady, "is called *poaching* them;" and these being laid upon spinach, were no less commended than the others.

She then proceeded to cook the rest of the eggs in several other ways, and thus taught the charcoal burners, that they were not only an excellent food in themselves, but a useful ingredient in the preparation of various dishes. At last a fine bowl of salad was placed before them. The good-natured Bertram brought some eggs which had been boiled hard, and set aside till they were cold. By way of affording some amusement, he let them fall suddenly, as if by accident, and roll along the ground. The guests startled at the noise, expecting them all to be broken and lost; but they were agreeably disappointed at seeing the lady pick them up, take off the shells and cut them in slices. This was curious enough; but the process of dressing a salad they thought more so, and a very agreeable curiosity into the bargain.

When they had finished their dinner of eggs, the lady distributed among them several young cocks and pullets; observing that a single hen will lay upwards of one hundred and fifty eggs in the course of a year.

"A hundred and fifty eggs!" they exclaimed, "what a comfort for a poor family!"

The good lady's generosity spread joy through the whole village, and every family returned thanks to God, for the blessing which they had received at her hands.

For a long time the poultry was the subject of all their conversation, and every day they discovered something more extraordinary and more useful about them. The morning crow of the cock was the source of more than ordinary delight. "It proclaims the day," they said, "and calls forth man to his labour. It has been quite another sort of life in the valley since the cocks began to crow; and every one goes to his task with a light heart and a cheerful countenance."

The good folks did not fail to observe that the hen always gave notice by her cackling of the present which she had made to them, and the sound was always welcomed with delight. No sooner was it heard than they went at once to take the new-laid egg and stow it away carefully. "These birds," the parents would frequently say to the children, "are formed by nature to live with man. God has evidently made them for domestic purposes. They remain constantly about the house; come for their food when called, and go to roost of their own accord. They are of great utility in a poor household, for they are kept at little cost: a few crumbs, a little barley, the refuse of vegetables, being all that they require. Indeed they are chiefly employed, from morning till night, in seeking food for themselves; so that thousands of grains, which would be lost in harvest-time, are preserved to the use of man. The poorest widow has thus wherewithal to support a hen; and the eggs which she receives come like an alms-gift to her."

Neither did the lady suffer her own children to be ignorant of the value of an egg, which they had been used to regard with indifference, when they lived in the midst of wealth and abundance. How contented were they now, with an egg beaten in milk for their breakfast! how grateful were they to God for all the mercies which he still poured upon them!

The delightful days of summer passed away, and the winter, which in that country is usually very severe, succeeded. The huts in the valley were almost buried in the snow, and the roads were scarcely passable. The mill was no longer at work; the cascades were suspended in silence over the rocks; and the inclemency of the season confined each family to its own fire-side; so that the honest charcoal burners were not a little pleased when the snow began to disappear before the mild approach of spring.

The children of the valley were now seen running to the cottage with bouquets of violets and primroses for Frederic and Blanche; and as the fields began to be covered with flowers, they gathered the most beautiful, and tied them into nosegays for their little favourites. Pleased with their attention, the lady determined to provide some pleasure for them in return. "When Easter comes," she said, "I should like to give them some little treat, for it is right that these holidays should be days of innocent enjoyment. At Christmas I could regale them with the apples and nuts which had been laid up in store; but how shall we manage in a season when there is nothing but eggs to be had? The earth has not yet produced its crop; trees are without their fruit; eggs are the first gift of a bountiful Providence."

"Yes," said Martha; "but it is a pity that eggs are all of the same colour. The white is very pretty, to be sure, but the various colours of fruits are much prettier."

"An excellent suggestion," said the lady, after a moment's reflection. "I will boil some eggs and paint them, and the variety of colour will afford amusement to the children."

Accordingly, being well acquainted with those plants

and roots which are used in dyeing, she stained a sufficient number of eggs with different colours; some blue, some yellow, some red, and some violet. Others were boiled with green leaves, which produced tints of various shades; and some she marked with written mottoes.

"These coloured eggs," said the miller, who had walked in one day while the treat was in preparation, "remind us of the goodness of God. The fruits which he gives us are at the same time delicious to the taste and agreeable to the sight. Cherries are red, plums are purple, and pears are yellow; and these eggs, painted in imitation of those colours, are calculated to call up the remembrance of the many bounties of our merciful Creator."

Early on the morning of Easter-day, the lady and old Bertram set out for the church of the neighbouring village, which was situated at the foot of a mountain, at some distance from the cottage, and all the inhabitants of the valley, old and young, who were able to walk so far, followed her example. The proposed entertainment was fixed for the following day. It arrived at length. The rising sun sent forth his genial rays; the sky was fine and serene; the fields were covered with flowers; the birds twittered and hopped from spray to spray, and all nature seemed to speak of health and enjoyment.

All the children about the same age as Frederic and Blanche had been invited, and repaired to the cottage at the appointed hour. Bertram took them into the garden, and seated them on benches round a rustic table. Frederic and Blanche sat in the midst of them, and you might read in their looks the impatience with which they anticipated the treat prepared for them. It was truly an enchanting sight to see their little faces beaming with pleasure, and their eyes sparkling with delight.

First of all, the lady explained to them, in a clear and impressive manner, the origin and design of the feast of Easter. "It was instituted," she told them, "to commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and to assure mankind of the resurrection of their own bodies at the day of judgment; when the good will be rewarded, and the wicked punished, according to their works. Such a reflection ought to make them good children and good Christians. For," she continued, "if the expectation of the little festival I have made for you, because you were good boys and girls, has had its effect, the pleasure of going to heaven will be much greater, and ought, therefore, to make you love and obey your Saviour."

A tureen of eggs beaten in milk was then placed on the table, of which they all had a small basin full. They were then allowed to ramble into a neighbouring wood, and the lady told each of them to gather sufficient moss to make a little nest. This task was soon finished, and the nests were deposited upon a bank of turf, each child carefully marking its own. On their return to the garden, they were agreeably surprised to see on the table a large cake, made light with eggs, and covered with white sugar and sweetmeats. The cake was cut into slices, and while they were eating it, Martha slipped unobserved into the wood, with a basket of coloured eggs, which she distributed among the nests; and the several colours, blue, red, and yellow, formed a pretty contrast with the soft green moss. When the children had finished their cake, the lady proposed that they should go and see what had become of the nests. Here was a new source of surprise and pleasure. There were in each nest five eggs of the same colour, and one inscribed with a motto.

A shout of joy burst at once from all the children. It would be impossible to describe their transports. "Red eggs! red eggs! oh, how beautiful!" cried one. "Blue, blue; mine are blue!" shouted another; "as blue as the sky." "And mine are as yellow," said a third, "as that



butterfly yonder." "Oh, do but look at mine!" said a little fellow: "what beautiful hens they must be to lay such pretty eggs! how I should like to see one!"

"No, no, no," said Martha's little sister Mary, "it cannot be the hens that have done this; I should rather think it was that hare, that I saw running out of the hedge, and scampering away as fast as it could, while I was gathering the moss for my nest."

At this speech all the children burst at once into a loud laugh; and the hare that laid red eggs became a standing joke in the valley.

How little it requires, thought the lady, to make children happy! and who would not willingly contribute to their amusement? Who does not envy their innocent simplicity? The joy that sparkles in their eyes, and beams in all their features, falls to the lot of those only who have pure and guileless hearts; and thus, through life, virtue is the only source of real pleasure.

Although the children seemed perfectly satisfied and happy, yet the good lady suggested a new pastime. She proposed that those whose eggs were all yellow, should make an exchange with the red and the blue, and so with the rest, that by this means the eggs of each might vary in colour, without bartering those on which the motto was inscribed.

"It is thus, you see, my dear children," she observed, "that you must always be ready to oblige each other; and what you have now done you will frequently have occasion to repeat in the course of your lives. The Almighty pours his blessings on all mankind, and makes them dependent on each other, in order that they may live in harmony and peace and love. May God grant that all your bargains may resemble that which you have just made, in which all are gainers and none losers."

Little Frederic was now desired by his mamma to read his motto. One of his visitors was much surprised to hear him: for there were then but few schools for poor children, and many grown-up persons could neither read nor write. As soon as he was made to understand that Frederic had expressed in words what was marked upon the shell, his curiosity was excited to know what was written upon his own egg.

"An excellent precept," said the lady: "I will read it to you.

"God gives us raiment, health, and food;  
Strive, then, to please a God so good."

She then asked the children if they always returned thanks to God for the good things which he gave them. This put them in mind that they had not yet returned thanks for the happy day which they had passed, and the pretty eggs which had been given them; and they lost no time in performing the duty.

The rest of the children were equally desirous to know what was written on their eggs, and they requested the lady to read the mottos.

As soon as they were silent, and seated in order near her, she read them one after another. They were short and simple precepts of morality, such as those which follow:—

"With all your heart and spirit, love  
Th' Almighty God, who reigns above."

"From sin and guilt, with terror fly,  
For nought escapes God's searching eye."

"God gives us raiment, health, and food;  
Strive, then, to please a God so good."

"Attend to what your parents say;  
Good children never disobey."

"To those who on his help rely,  
In time of trouble, God is nigh."

"God to a child in conscience speaks,  
When the blush burns upon his cheeks."

"Of Heaven ask virtue, wisdom, health,  
But never let your prayer be wealth."

"Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you."

"Until to-morrow ne'er delay  
The work which should be done to-day."

"Who ventures on the brink of vice,  
May tumble o'er the precipice."

The children next set about learning their mottos, and repeated them frequently in silence that they might not forget them. Many of them had some difficulty in learning them, others were more apt; but they were soon all able to repeat the whole by heart. It was only necessary to repeat the first word, and they immediately went on with the rest. Never had they learned so much before, as on this day of pleasure and enjoyment. Their shouts of delight were heard at the very bottom of the valley, and many of their parents ran to see what was going on in the lady's garden. When they were informed of the cause of the merriment, they were fain to confess that their children had learnt more in one afternoon than they could have taught them at home in a twelvemonth. So true is it that good-will fears no trouble and knows no difficulties.

"Ay," said the miller, who had also joined the party; "but how is this good-will to be effected?—that is the question. This is, in fact, the grand point to be attained in the instruction of youth; and well indeed does this good lady understand the management of children."

The lady then divided amongst her new visitors the cake and the painted eggs which were left. "You may carry them home," she said; "but mind you preserve those which have the mottos."

"Thank you, thank you, dear lady," they replied; "we will take care of them, for the motto is worth more than the egg."

"Yes," she said, "if you attend to the instruction contained in it."

Recommending the parents to remind their children of these mottos whenever an occasion presented itself, she

sent the little party home, full of happiness and gratitude. Her advice was strictly followed.—If a child was disobedient, the father, holding up his finger, would begin,

"Attend to what your parents say,"

and the child, immediately adding,

"Good children never disobey,"

did at once what it was ordered. In the same way they applied the other mottos.

The children frequently talked of the agreeable day they had spent, and said that they had never been so happy in their lives.

"Well," said the lady, "only be good, and mind what is said to you, and you shall have the same treat every year. None but good children must be of our party; and I trust we shall hear of no naughty ones." It will readily be believed that this promise made the children of the valley as tractable and obedient as little boys and girls ought always to be.

## LOVES OF THE POETS.—No. II.

CHAUCER AND PHILIPPA PICARD.

SEVEN years after the death of Dante, Chaucer was born, and he was twenty-four years younger than Petrarch, whom he met at Padua in 1373. This meeting between the two great poets was memorable in itself, and yet more interesting for having introduced into the English language that beautiful monument to the virtue of woman—the story of Griselda. Petrarch had purified it from the MS. of his friend Boccaccio, (who had lately sent it to him,) of whose Decameroni it is the concluding tale; and Chaucer in his beautiful version of it in the Canterbury Tales, takes care to tell us that he did not derive the story from Boccaccio, but that it was

"Learned at Padua of a worthy clerk,  
As proved by his wordes and his work;  
Francis Petrark, the Laureat Poete."

As a poet, Chaucer was enlisted into the service of some of the most illustrious, beautiful, and accomplished women of the age. Philippa, the high-hearted generous queen of Edward III.; the Lady Blanche of Lancaster, first wife of John of Gaunt, and the lovely Anne of Bohemia, the queen of Richard II., for whom and at whose command, he wrote the "Legende of gode Women," as some amends for the scandal he had spoken of us in other places. But the most distinguished of all, and the favourite subject of his poetry, was the Duchess Blanche. The manner in which he has contrived to celebrate his own loves and individual feelings with those of Blanche and her royal suitor, gives additional interest to both. The object of Chaucer's passion, whom, after a nine years' courtship, he married in his forty-second year, was Philippa Picard de Rouet, the daughter of a knight of Hainault, and a favourite attendant of queen Philippa. Her eldest sister, Catherine, was at the same time maid of honour to the Duchess Blanche. Both these sisters were distinguished at court for their beauty and accomplishments, and were the friends and companions of the princesses whom they served; and both are singularly interesting from their connexion, political and poetical, with English history. Philippa Picard is one of the principal personages in the poem entitled "Chaucer's Dream," which is a kind of epithalamium, celebrating the marriage of John of Gaunt, who became Duke of Lancaster in right of his bride, with the Lady Blanche, which took place at Reading, May 19, 1359, when the youthful and princely pair were about nineteen. It is a wild fanciful vision of fairy land and enchantments. His translation



of the "Romaunt of the Rose," the most famous poetical work of the middle ages, is addressed to his mistress; and it is remarkable that a very elaborate and cynical satire on women, which occurs in the original French, is entirely omitted by Chaucer in his version, perhaps because it would have been a profanation to her who then ruled his heart. In the year 1369 Chaucer lost his amiable patroness, the Duchess Blanche; she died in her thirty-fifth year, and he lamented her death in a long poem, intitled the "Booke of the Duchesse." In the same year with the duchess died the good queen of Edward III.; and Philippa Picard, being thus sadly released from her attendance on her royal mistress, her devotion to whom under her long declining health had procrastinated the reward of her faithful lover's constancy, a few months afterwards married Chaucer, to whom she was a good and tender wife, and long years of wedded life did not weaken her husband's attachment to her. The precise date of Philippa's death is not known, but it took place some years before that of her husband. Their residence at the time of their marriage was a small stone building, near the entrance of Woodstock Park; it had been given to Chaucer by Edward III.: afterwards they resided principally at Donnington Castle, that fine and striking ruin, which must be remembered by all who have travelled the Newbury road. In the domain belonging to this castle were three oaks of remarkable size and beauty, to which Chaucer gave the names of the Queen's Oak, the King's Oak, and Chaucer's Oak; these venerable trees were felled in Evelyn's time, and are commemorated in his *Sylva*.

Philippa's eldest son, Thomas Chaucer, had a daughter, Alice, who became the wife of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, the famous favourite of Margaret of Anjou. The grandson of Alice Chaucer, John Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the crown by Richard III.\* and had the issue of the battle of Bosworth been different, would undoubtedly have ascended the throne of England; as it was, the lineage of Chaucer was extinguished on a scaffold. The fate of Catharine Picard de Rouat, the sister of Chaucer's wife, was still more remarkable. She was destined to be the mother of a line of kings. She had been *domicella* or maid of honour to the Duchess Blanche, and after her death the children of that princess were committed to her care. In this situation she won the heart of their father, John Duke of Lancaster, who, on the death of his second wife, Constance of Castile, married Catharine, and his children by her were solemnly legitimatised. The conduct of Catharine, except in one instance, was irreproachable; her humility, her prudence, and her various accomplishments, not only reconciled the royal family and the people to her marriage, but added lustre to her rank; and when Richard II. married Isabella of France, the young queen, then only nine years old, was placed under the special care and tuition of the Duchess of Lancaster. One of the grand-daughters of Catharine, Lady Jane Beaufort, had the singular fortune of becoming at once the inspiration and the love of a great poet, the queen of an accomplished monarch, and the common ancestress of all the sovereigns of England since the days of Elizabeth.†

\* In right of his mother, Elizabeth Plantagenet, eldest sister of Edward IV.

† Catharine, Duchess of Lancaster, had three sons; the second was the famous Cardinal Beaufort; the eldest (created Earl of Somerset) was grandfather to Henry VII., and consequently ancestor to the whole race of Tudor: thus, from the sister of Chaucer's wife, are descended all the English sovereigns from the fifteenth century, and likewise the present family of Somerset, Dukes of Beaufort.

#### COMPARISON BETWEEN CHAUCER, PETRARCH, AND DANTE.

Chaucer so far resembled Petrarch, that like him he was at once poet, scholar, courtier, statesman, philosopher, and man of the world; but considered merely as poets, they were the antipodes of each other. The genius of Dante has been compared to a Gothic cathedral, vast and lofty, and dark and irregular. In the same spirit Petrarch may be likened to a classical and elegant Greek temple, rising aloft in its fair and faultless proportions, and compacted of the purest Parian marble; while Chaucer is like the far-spreading and picturesque palace of the Alhambra, with its hundred chambers, all curiously decorated, and rich with barbaric pomp and gold. He is famed rather as the animated painter of character and manners, and external nature, than the poet of love and sentiment; and yet no writer, Shakspeare alone excepted (and perhaps Spenser), contains so many beautiful and tender passages relating to, or inspired by, women.

#### LADY JANE BEAUFORT AND JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

Never, perhaps, was the influence of woman on the poetic temperament more beautifully illustrated than in the story of James I. of Scotland, and Lady Jane Beaufort. James, while a prisoner, was confined in Windsor Castle, and immediately under his window there was a fair garden, in which the Lady Jane was accustomed to walk with her attendants. The young monarch beheld her accidentally; his imagination was fired, his heart captivated, and from that moment his prison was no longer a dungeon, but a palace of light and love. As he was the best poet and musician of his time, he composed songs in her praise, set them to music, and sang them to his lute. He also wrote a history of his love in a long poem,\* still extant. His description of the fair apparition who came to bless his solitary hours, is so minute and peculiar, that it must have been drawn from the life; the net of pearls, in which her light tresses were gathered up; the chain of fine-wrought gold about her neck; the heart-shaped ruby suspended from it, which glowed on her snowy bosom like a spark of fire; her white vest looped up to facilitate her movements; her graceful damsels, who followed at a respectful distance; and her little dog gambolling round her, with its collar of silver bells;—these, and other picturesque circumstances, were all noted in the lover's memory, and have been recorded in the poet's verse.

The account of his own feelings as she disappears from his charmed gaze—his lingering at the window of his tower till Phoebus "had bid farewell to every leaf and flower"—then resting his head pensively on the cold stone, and the vision which steals upon his half-waking, half-dreaming fancy, and shadows forth the happy issue of their love, are all conceived in the most lively manner. It is judged from internal evidence, that this poem must have been finished after his marriage, since he intimates that he is blessed in the possession of her he loved, and that the fair vision of his solitary dungeon is realized.

When the king of Scots was released, he wooed and won openly the woman he had adored in secret. The marriage was solemnized in 1423, and he carried Lady Jane to Scotland, where she was crowned soon after his bride and queen. How well she merited, and how deeply she repaid the love of her all-accomplished husband, is told in history. When James was surprised and murdered by some of his factious barons, his queen threw herself between him and the daggers of his assassins, received many of the wounds aimed at his heart, nor could they complete their purpose till they had dragged her by force from his arms. She deserved to be a poet's queen and love.

\* "The King's Quhair," i. e. *cahier*, or book.



It was on this occasion that Catherine Douglas, one of the queen's attendants, thrust her arm into the stanchion of the door to serve the purpose of a bolt, and held it there till the savage assailants forced their way by shattering the frail defence. What times were those! Alas! the love of women, and the barbarity of men!

#### THE GINEVRA AND ALESSANDRA STROZZI OF ARIOSTO.

Ginevra signifies a juniper tree, which allusion the poet plays upon, after the manner of Petrarch, in one or two of his sonnets; and he likewise tenderly commemorates the name in the Orlando Furioso, by giving it to one of his most charming and interesting heroines, Ginevra di Scozia. Ginevra was the earliest object of his serious attachment. She was a young girl of the Florentine family of Lapi, residing at Mantua, where they first met; and this attachment lasted long, but her fate is not known. Her name, however, was usually connected with that of Ariosto, and has an enduring monument in his verses. The object of his subsequent, more celebrated, and more lasting passion, and the inspirer of his finest lyrics, was the beautiful golden-haired Alessandra Strozzi, the widow of Tito Strozzi, a noble Florentine, and famous Latin poet, whom he met at Florence, on his return from Rome in 1515, and afterwards privately married, it is supposed about 1522. The reasons which induced Ariosto to involve in doubt and mystery his union with this admirable woman can only be conjectured, but the marriage itself is satisfactorily proved. Their intercourse was so carefully concealed, and the discretion and modesty of Alessandra were so remarkable, that no suspicion of the ties which bound them to each other existed during the life of the poet; nor did the slightest imputation ever sully the fair fame of her he loved.

Alessandra removed from Florence to Ferrara about 1519, and inhabited the Casa Strozzi, in the street of Santa Maria in Oude. The residence of Ariosto was in the Via Mirasole, at some distance. Both houses are still standing. She died in 1552, having survived the poet about nineteen years.

#### LUCRETIA DONATI.

"A noble lady, distinguished at Florence for her virtue and her beauty, and of the same illustrious family which had given a wife to Dante," is celebrated to fame as the poetical love of Lorenzo de Medici, "the magnificent," but the wife chosen for him by his father, and to whom he was married at the age of twenty-one, was Donna Clarici Orsini, for whom it is believed (though their union was inauspiciously contracted) he exchanged for his earlier and more imaginative flame, a sincere and durable attachment. Lorenzo died in his forty-fourth year, in 1492,—t, r, p, n,—"true pain."

### AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

#### A FRAGMENT.

THE mate had been looking out with a spyglass, and observed a sail to windward.

"Jump aloft, one of you who has good eyes, and tell me what you make out of that craft with the suspicious rake in her masts, on our weather bow!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" they again sung out, in full chorus; and away several scampered up the shrouds, pell-mell. Among the rest was perceived the slight figure of the lad, who ascended with remarkable agility, and left the others far behind. The mate could scarcely credit what he saw, and gazed aloft in amazement.

"Maintopgallant, there!" hailed the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Isaac, in as gruff a voice as he could muster for the occasion.

"What sort of craft is that to windward,—and how is she standing?"

"It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms," replied Mr. Maintopgallant; "and she is bearing down for us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, which you can make out from the deck with the glass; and, by the flash and the smoke she makes, she has just fired a gun!"

Presently, a dull, heavy report came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the side of the ship. The glass was bent upon the approaching schooner, whose hull had not yet entirely risen out of the water. Her flag was found to be French!

"Steward—call the captain!" cried the mate, in alarm: "Forward, there!—call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about!"

"Ay, ay, sir," echoed along the deck, and every sailor stood ready at his post for prompt action.

Seth and Jethro now appeared on deck, wondering not a little at the uncommon stir on board, and surprised to find every man ready, whenever the word should be given, to put the ship on a new direction.

"What does all this mean, mate?" demanded the captain; "why wouldst thou change the course of the ship?"

"I did not intend to do so without your concurrence," replied the mate; "but I thought it best to have every thing ready for prompt manœuvring. We have a suspicious-looking sail on our weather bow, and she shows French colours. By the rake of her masts, I should not be surprised to find her a clipper, with a long-tom amidships; for she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbour for us, surely," said the captain, "especially if she should prove one of those piratical rascals that sometimes cut up our commerce. Keep her away, and see if she follows us," continued he, lowering the point of his glass.

Away went the Grampus with a free wind, snorting, as it were like a race horse, and plunging handsomely through the seas on her altered way.

The Frenchman steered for, and gained gradually and steadily upon, the Grampus; and the event was most anxiously looked for by all on board. The ship, deeply laden as she was with oil, was of great value, and, as Seth thought, eminently worth preserving. But the Frenchmen were determined she should change owners,—for they managed their little craft with great skill, and altered their course in chase, whenever Macy changed his. The breeze was brisk, and suited the schooner to a crack; while the laden ship, though the fleetest of her class, could not show her heels to advantage, without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack—but escape was impossible—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now would I give the half of our cargo," said Macy, "for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!" And then turning to Jethro, he said, rather bitterly, "Dost thou remember, friend Coffin, what I told thee about the six-pounders, before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice. There comes salute number two!"

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman, across the bow of the Grampus; but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a warning to heave to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering, as he went, words that sounded very much like "damnation," and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro, for he forbore to put in his

usual caution of "*Swear not at all*," as he was wont to do, whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The *Grampus* was now kept off two or three points, and a foretopmast-studdingsail was about being set; but, in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom, and reeve the tack anew. In an instant little Isaac, who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore-shrouds, crept out on the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out upon the bare boom. But, before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchmen brought their long-tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac; thinking, probably that his labour might be the means of enabling the *Grampus* to escape. The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

"They are again charging the gun!" shouted English Bill. "Come down, my boy!—Creep in! Creep in! Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run!"

"Ay, ay," cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the fore-castle, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering:

"The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands!"

"Hah!—my little younker!—my eyes, but you are a brave 'un—You'll be an admiral yet—d'ye see!" exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:

"Turn again, Whittington—  
Lord Mayor of great London."

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form, as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

"By heaven!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo, without a deadly struggle!"

"Swear not!" said Jethro; "it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly!—didst thou say?—and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated wild bull at bay. "Put down the helm, indeed!—Pray, neighbour Jethro, who is the commander of the *Grampus*—thou or I?" demanded Seth, in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceeding wroth.

Jethro answered calmly,—"Thou, surely, art her captain—and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship, if thou canst; but *thou canst not*. We have no means of defence, and, if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro! My resolution is taken:—I will save this ship, or sink in her. What! yield to that little gaddy—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our long-boat!"

Another shot, better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

"There, Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of

the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may all expect, if taken!"

"Yield thee, Seth, yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people."

"Thou hadst better go below, Jethro—I must command here. Yield, indeed! the ship shall sink first!" muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

"Stand by there, men!" shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

"Get the longboat ready to be launched at a moment's warning—clear away the quarter boats—and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!"

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for mistaking the manœuvring of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, the schooner was hoisted to, and seemed to await the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the *Grampus*—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern:—

"Let go all the braces and bowlines, slack off sheets and tacks, and square the yards quickly!" This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee-quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed, and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman! The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the *Grampus*; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchmen failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway, "if—nay, hear me, Seth, for the sake of humanity—if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats!" vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew, as they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time!"

The little schooner still lay to, in the trough of a deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge bulk of the *Grampus* mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"*Miséricorde!*" exclaimed a hundred voices.

A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of the ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the *Grampus*, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidships. The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the

irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with all her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the longboat,"—shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery death.

Thy ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin: and, Seth, thou didst sacrifice a hecatomb of human beings for thy preservation.

### REMARKS ON ANIMALCULES.

THOSE creatures, the smallest with which we are acquainted, are called *animalcules of infusion*. They are thus named, because they are produced in infusions, and are such diminutive animals. For their production, nothing more is required, than to pour water on any animal or vegetable substance, and let this infusion stand four or five days in a moderately warm room, when a species of fermentation will take place in the liquor, a slimy skin will grow over it, and an immense multitude of these animalcules, visible only by means of the magnifying glass, will be found in the fluid. They may be obtained from different vegetable substances; but from some more, from others less.

Of the numerous infusions, however, with which experiments have been made, none have afforded such multitudes as thyme. If you put as much thyme as may be taken up between the ends of the thumb and two fingers, into a wine-glass, fill the glass with pure water, and let it stand for four days, you will be truly astonished when you look at a drop of it through the microscope. Millions of animalcules swim about, and the celerity of their motion is so great, that it makes the eye almost giddy.

The usual form of the animalcules, when at rest, appears to be spherical, or a little longish or egg-shaped. When they are in motion, their bodies are more or less elongated, accordingly as they swim about with more or less celerity. Some are seen darting along with great swiftness, the figure of which is nearly linear, or resembling that of a small worm.

Nothing can be conceived more lively; the bustle of a nest of ants, or swarm of gnats, is sluggishness to it. They dart in all directions, like an arrow from a bow, across the field of the microscope, in straight lines, when their bodies are drawn out greatly in length. Sometimes they conceal themselves under the slime of the liquor, as if they were seeking their nutriment there: then they reappear, swimming in various directions, and dexterously passing each other when they meet. Sometimes they draw their bodies up together in a spherical form, and then stretch them out again, in the same manner as a leech. Now they appear to dive down towards the bottom of the drop, as only their hinder parts are visible; presently they spin round like a top, with incredible velocity. When one of these animalcules has entangled himself in a particle of slime, it is pleasing to see how he whirls himself round with it, in order to extricate himself.

It is equally pleasing to observe the motions which they frequently make with the head or pointed fore-end. When they give themselves a spring to dart forward, they frequently turn the head quickly on one side, as if they were

biting at something, and swim forward with the head in this oblique direction.

Curious readers will ask, how big the largest of these animalcules may be? An idea of their size may be given by observing, that upwards of two hundred of the largest may be contained in the space occupied by one of the smallest grains of sand. A little mite is to one of these animalcules, much the same as a turkey is to a sparrow.

The longevity of these animalcules cannot easily be ascertained. Those that we contemplate under the microscope, do not die a natural death, but are destroyed by the evaporation of the fluid, which leaves thousands of their dead bodies on the glass side, in the shape of a little scarcely perceptible dust. It is observable, that in an infusion which has stood a week or more, they become smaller, and at length seem to disappear. Whether, however, these smaller animalcules are the same, which have gradually diminished in size, or whether they are a more diminutive species, which at last alone remains, cannot be ascertained.—*Mavor's Natural History*.

### LITERARY AND MORAL GEMS.—No. IV.

SELECTED BY A LADY.

#### LORD CHATHAM'S OPINION OF POLITENESS.

Now as to politeness, many people have attempted definitions of it, but I believe it is best to be known by description. I would, however, venture to call it *benevolence in trifles*; or the preference of others to ourselves, in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. Bowing, ceremonious compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; which must be easy, unstudied, manly, natural, noble; and what will give this, but a mind benevolent, and habitually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles, towards all you converse and live with?

#### THE WILL.

The will is not blindly impelled by outward accidents, but selects the impressions by which it *chooses* to be governed, with great dexterity and perseverance.—*Hazlitt*.

#### SUCCESS.

There is a balance of power in the human mind, by which defects frequently assist in furthering our views, as superfluous excellences are sometimes converted into impediments. . . . . The surest hinderance (to success) is to have too high a standard of refinement in our own minds, or too high an opinion of the judgment of the public. He who is determined not to be satisfied with any thing short of perfection, will never do any thing at all, either to please himself or others.—*Ibid*.

#### SATIRE.

The misfortune of general satire is, that few people will apply it to themselves, while they have the comfort of thinking it will fit others as well. It is therefore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad people with scandal against their neighbours.—*The World*.

#### RESERVE OF CHARACTER.

The locks which are most difficult to open, often guard the greatest treasures.—*Advice to the Teens*.

There are some people who see any thing better than that which is under their eye, and like every thing better than that which is within reach.—*Ward's De Lisle*.

I am ever disposed to suspect the temper of a perpetual *company-smiler*, till I have seen how he performs in his domestic circle.

## POETRY.

## HYMNS OF THE CHURCHYARD.

WRITTEN IN HIS 19TH YEAR.

[From the poems of a most interesting and remarkable Scottish peasant, the late John Bethune, collected and published by his brother, for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a Tomb-stone to his memory.]

Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;  
Let me walk o'er it softly, and survey  
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!  
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?  
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,  
And slimy worms watch o'er them as they sleep!  
This is pale beauty's bourn; but where the beautiful,  
Whom I have seen come forth at evening hours,  
Leading their aged friends with feelings dutiful,  
Amid the wreaths of spring to gather flowers?  
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,  
And those who once were sweetest, sleep beneath.  
This is a populous place; but where the bustling?  
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart?  
The lookers on, the showy garments rustling,  
The money-changers, and the men of art?  
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,  
And none are anxious to resume it here.  
This is the home of grandeur; where are they?  
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?  
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay,  
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?  
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,  
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.  
This is a place of refuge and repose;  
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,  
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,  
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?  
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep  
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.  
This is a place of gloom; where are the gloomy?  
The gloomy are not citizens of death;  
Approach and look, where the long grass is plummy,  
See them above! they are not found beneath;  
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,  
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.  
This is a place of sorrow; friends have met,  
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;  
And where are they whose eye-lids then were wet?  
Alas! their griefs, their tears are all forgot;  
They, too, are landed in this silent city,  
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.  
This is a place of fear; the firmest eye  
Hath quailed to see its shadowy drowsiness;  
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,  
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,  
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,  
And long to end his painful journey here.

## VARIETIES.

**HAPPINESS.**—Our life, it is true, has its bright and its dark hours, yet none are wholly obscured; for when the sun of happiness is set, the reflected moonlight of hope and memory is still around us.

**CHARITY.**—"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."

**STARS.**—Byron beautifully designated the stars as "the poetry of night;" but to embody their language was a task far surpassing the creative power of his genius. The inimitable extent of "their numbers without number;" the mysterious mechanism of their embodiments; the grandeur and harmony of the orbits they circumscribe; the cycles of time they gild with their unknown glories; the curious chainwork which connects them with the field of interminable being; the process of their creation; the occupations of their inhabitants; their anthems; their music; their duration; and the end they are destined to fulfil: these are a history only to be written by that Omnipotence whose hand moulded their capacious fulness, and is reserved for the exhibition of that day when he will make all things plain. It is the Christian's transporting joy and consolation, when their sublime secrets shall be unveiled, to say—"I shall be there."

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification; while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden; let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works; can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his truth: this man is greater, as well as happier, in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than a beast, the other but little lower than an angel.—*Jones, of Nayland.*

Advertising is to trade what steam is to the machinery, the grand propelling power; and yet there are some persons so blind to their interests as to ponder over an expenditure which yields them from a hundred to a thousand per cent.

The boxes of the opera, splendid as they are, and splendid as the appearance of those in them is, do not breathe a spirit of enjoyment. They are rather like the sick wards of luxury and idleness, where people of a certain class are condemned to perform the quarantine of fashion for the evening.—*Hazlitt.*

**MRS. SIDDONS'S FIRST STUDY OF LADY MACBETH.**—Mrs. Siddons thus describes the impressions made on her imagination by her first study of Lady Macbeth;—"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night (a night I can never forget) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes." We have here the secret of the unrivalled power which Mrs. Siddons at a later period threw into her representation of Lady Macbeth.

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